

NEW YORK IN LENT.

QUIET ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE PRESENT PENITENTIAL SEASON.

Social and Other Gossip of the Great Metropolis—Comic Opera Singers Who Would Be Patti.

The last dance is over. The crumpled ball dresses are laid away, and society is turning its attention to mild Lenten forms of dissipation, such as the more restrained European travel, given in the most attractive manner by Mrs. John Sherwood in her spacious drawing-rooms. These are listened to by our most cultivated people, and looked upon as fashionable reunions. They are to extend through Lent each Thursday afternoon. At the last reading Mrs. Sherwood confined herself to the "Vatican and its Treasures."

After the reading the entertainment closed with musical selections and recitations. Mrs. Frank Worth White, one of our young married belles, sang "My Marguerite" effectively. Mrs. White wore a dress of white, which consisted of a gray silk ground on which were tiny black and white brocade flowers. The whole effect was of a rich gray. She also wore a gray velvet hat, with trimmings of gray velvet. The little strings and under the chin are becoming smaller, and are now just a strap. Mrs. White is very striking in appearance, and will be remembered as Miss Lawrence. Among the entertainers was Miss Maude Banks, the daughter of ex-Governor Banks, of Massachusetts. She is a remarkably intelligent-looking girl, with dark hair and eyes. She is one of the best dancers in the city. Her husband, Mr. Brown, is an Italian nobleman, and looked very picturesque with a wide Roman scarf around her waist and a sword at her side.

A WALL-STREET MILLIONAIRE. D. O. Mills says he is not interested in stocks at this moment, but that he believes they will increase in value. This gentleman, by the way, is one of the notable figures in Wall street. He owns the magnificent Mills building in Broadway street, which is worth \$300,000; it is even finer than the building erected on Broadway by the Countess de Loree, and which pays the investor 9 per cent a year.

Mills' returns from his commercial excursion amount to \$200,000. His fortune amounts to fifteen millions, largely acquired in California in mines, real estate, and banking enterprises in San Francisco. He was in the Bank of California with the late and princely Ralston, who drowned himself after having been coldly bowed out of the luxurious parlors of the bank and deposed by the investigating directors in the midst of its disasters. Mr. Mills is a dark complexioned man, with a medium height, but well built. His daughter married Whitelaw Reid. He is plain, good-natured, practical, self-reliant, and rather blunt.

In 1847 he and his brother kept a tavern in a small town on the Hudson river just below Albany. D. O. Mills drove to the depot daily to bring patrons to his house or to take them to their homes. When the gold-panic broke out in California he and his brother-in-law, who had accumulated a little money, chartered a sailing vessel, loaded it with commodities likely to be in demand, and went around Cape Horn to the Golden Gate, which they reached in safety after narrowly escaping shipwreck. The brothers sold the goods to the eager miners at fabulous prices, and were soon on the high-road to fortune.

When D. O. Mills returned to the East some years ago he was the possessor of some \$200,000, which he soon increased by some \$2,000,000 through a lucky speculation in Lake Shore stock. Mr. Mills is without pretension; he is not ashamed of his humble beginning and early struggles. A story is told that on one occasion a member of that large class who are always ready to fawn upon wealth, and who happened in this instance to belong to one of New York's oldest families, said in making Mr. Mills' acquaintance:

"I am proud to meet a man who has been so successful," he effusively pressed the hand of the millionaire.

"This is not the first time we have met," answered Mr. Mills with his usual directness of speech. "Do you remember me? I remember you very well. When I was running a livery I used to drive you from the depot to your home every evening."

FOG-HORN SINGERS. There's a kind of fog of bad music resting on our city. There's a mill up town that sends out a continual stream of it. They call it the Casino. The singers who sing in the Casino are called fog-horn singers. They wear short dresses, Solomon, who has a nice little talent and a nice little wife—the latter carved on the roll of fame as Lilian Russell—is setting up another mill at the Union Square. A bellicose person named McCull is waiting with his scantily-dressed cohorts to get possession of Wallack's. A native snarl of words, called the Little T. T. T. is to be given at the Casino. You can buy Mikados in German or English for fifty cents a bunch. But, as a customer said to me the other day, if it was not for comic opera what would society do with its unemployed girls? I give it up. But there is a worse conundrum: With comic opera, what does society do with them?

Comic opera is a gurgling excuse for the exhibition of good-looking women. It is a gurgling excuse for new tunes into it. I forgive its existence.

There are about two hundred girls waiting to be made prima donnas by the America Opera Company. I talked with one of them the other day. She told me to look at Patti. Didn't she commence young and struggle?

There were twenty-five of these girls in Mr. Lockwood's patients, waiting there for laurels and glory. They hadn't had an "appearance" yet. Some of them were white-faced and hungry-looking. But they were all resolute and all thinking of Patti except one or two, who were thinking of Emma Abbott.

By the way, what a combination Emma Abbott and Mrs. Thurbur would make. It is singular that we can't get the two necessary factors together in these great schemes. Thurbur would turn out a splendid success. Did you ever know Abbott to be without an audience? One is trying it, the other is doing it. That is the difference in the two opera schemes.

THEODORE THOMAS AND MRS. THURBUR. There is something in the air here about Theodore Thomas that will make a stir presently. That gentleman, I am told, in carrying out his Wagner ideas to the bitter end, has set himself against the Jews. There have been one or two little hitches already in the orchestra and in the Philharmonic on this account. It is such a suicidal piece of nonsense that I hope the stories are exaggerated. From all that I have seen of Mrs. Thurbur I believe her to be a woman of the noblest of impulses and the most liberal spirit. But I cannot say that Mr. Thomas has

shown this same spirit in his work. He is curiously narrow in some respects.

If the American opera project succeeds as it was originally planned in the head of Mrs. Thurbur it will be owing to her tact and enterprise and not to the experiences of others as a warning and let alone.

THE RECENT RAILWAY STRIKE.

The success of the recent strike on the horse-railroads of this city and the tremendous power for good or evil which the Knights of Labor now unquestionably possess has awakened some apprehension among capitalists in the city. The branch of the strike which has been hinted that this power in modern civilization will make itself felt in May in a movement for an adjustment of wages and hours of labor in a wide field of trade in this country; that the two giants, Labor and Capital, will join in a herculean struggle that practically amounts to a contest for the supremacy on the broad stage of the American continent. It is idle to disguise the fact that capital waits in an anxiety begotten of respect for the power of the new social force. New undertakings are postponed in many cases and long contracts are avoided. Manufacturers in many instances take the ground that a reduction in the daily labor to eight hours and an advance of half a dollar in daily wages would be the larger part of the cost of the strike.

There is no speculation and will be none until the pending questions of the strike, the Reading syndicate, the Transcontinental, the exports of gold have assumed a clearer aspect. The trading at the Stock Exchange is now a mere petty gamble between brokers who try to make a living out of each other.

There has been within the last four or five months a great deal of talk, both in and out of Wall street, about the breaking up of the old firm of W. E. Connor & Co., and the change which was supposed to have occurred in the personal relations with Jay Gould and Morosini. It was reported that a fierce quarrel had taken place among all of them; that Connor was caught desperately short in July and August, and that Morosini was seriously crippled by the loss he sustained in the failure of William Heath & Co. Apart from that it was said that the health of his wife was so affected by the runaway of the daughter that he had asked for a divorce, and that he had gone to live in California. Of Connor it was said, on the other hand, repeatedly said that he was going to make an assignment. It has turned out since then that there was not a word of truth in all these rumors; that the personal relations of Gould, Connor, and Morosini are as friendly as they have ever been; that Morosini never intended to leave New York except for a short trip for the benefit of his wife's health (a trip which he has since taken up), and that as strong as W. E. Connor & Co. may be, it may not do as large a business as when Gould was a special partner in it.

The facts in regard to the breaking up of the old concern begin to leak out, and are now given here for the first time.

HISTORY OF THE FIRM.

The firm of W. E. Connor & Co., and consisting of Connor, Jay Gould, and Morosini, was started in January, 1870, when the famous Belden concern was broken up, and when, through the efforts mainly of "Wash" Connor, Jay Gould was saved from financial ruin. That was not the first time that Gould was saved to Gould's rescue. Morosini was with Gould for seventeen years—served him with a loyalty which was the admiration of men who had even been ruined by Gould—and who consequently considered Morosini as his accomplice. It was Morosini again, who, when in the Erie Railroad Company, saved Gould from State prison. Again, in the bank panic of 1884, it was Connor and Morosini who saved Gould from financial disaster. Immense loans of his had been thrown out by the banks, and he found himself unable to carry his heavy loads of securities. He told Connor and Morosini that he hoped they would stand by him and help him. They answered that they would, told him not to come down town at all, and straightened out everything. It was at that time that George Gould first showed his head. His father, who had been the head of the firm in 1881, when he was a mere boy of the most elementary education, and without any idea of business matters except what he obtained from conversations with his father, and derived from occasionally traveling with him over the so-called Gould system of railroads. But George was always a handsome boy, and the home interest of the family was in him. He was a mere boy of the most elementary education, and without any idea of business matters except what he obtained from conversations with his father, and derived from occasionally traveling with him over the so-called Gould system of railroads.

There is a kind of fog of bad music resting on our city. There's a mill up town that sends out a continual stream of it. They call it the Casino. The singers who sing in the Casino are called fog-horn singers. They wear short dresses, Solomon, who has a nice little talent and a nice little wife—the latter carved on the roll of fame as Lilian Russell—is setting up another mill at the Union Square. A bellicose person named McCull is waiting with his scantily-dressed cohorts to get possession of Wallack's. A native snarl of words, called the Little T. T. T. is to be given at the Casino. You can buy Mikados in German or English for fifty cents a bunch. But, as a customer said to me the other day, if it was not for comic opera what would society do with its unemployed girls? I give it up. But there is a worse conundrum: With comic opera, what does society do with them?

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RAILROAD LINES.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY.

Way—Leave Richmond, Va., 8:15 A. M. For New York, Old Point, Norfolk, and Norfolk. Except Sunday.

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9:15 P. M. For New York, Old Point, Norfolk, and Norfolk. Except Sunday.

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